Just Fuck Me Into Subspace

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Just Fuck Me Into Subspace

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will has ignored part of himself for a long time, a part that his regular meetings with Hannibal Lecter brings out in him. Perhaps, just for one night he can give into it - find subspace with a stranger in the hopes of forgetting Lecter.

Notes

For Hannibal Cre-ate-ive #JustFuckMeUp Fest: Writers and artists of the Hannibal fandom, this event challenges you to create something of a kink/trope/ship you would otherwise never do, have never considered, or have never tried before.

Kink I've never written before: BDSM sub/Dom

I do not have personal experience of the BDSM scene. I have several friends in the scene, read a few stories and have carried out research. I hope that I have reflected the scene reasonably well and any inaccuracies are not meant to offend.

Massive thanks to the lovely Llewcie for being my beta!

Chapter 1

Will hadn't been to one of these places in so long that he'd lost count of quite *how* long. Long enough to not recognise as many people as he used to; the scene often had regulars floating around. He had been one of them until that day he had caught sight of someone in the club who worked at Quantico. He didn't know her personally, vaguely recognised her from the corridors, and thought she was just as unlikely to say as he was. But it made him a little uncomfortable. This was his space, it had to be, he had to be completely comfortable to really allow himself the freedom of it. To let himself sink completely into subspace when the opportunity was presented. If he was aware of someone there who might think of him differently then it wasn't ok.

If she was going to think differently of him at Quantico for being at the club then she didn't belong - but the other way round bothered him. If she knew his reputation in the FBI - damaged, unstable - then that could be trouble for him at the club. Some Doms were too safety conscious to engage with a sub who might be unstable. Understandably. But it was something he kept private, not least because he didn't want to spend precious time trying to convince a Dom that he was perfectly fine and wasn't going to be a liability or safe word out of a scene before things even got going. Precious time that he could spend getting flogged.

Tonight he needed this. Enough not to care if anyone from Quantico was there. He just wanted to find a Dom to give him pain, bring him pleasure, take him to the edge and over it so he could lose himself in subspace for one precious evening - hopefully achieve a high that would last him days. Allow him to forget about Doctor fucking Lecter.

The BAU had forced him to see Lecter, even if it was technically unofficial, that didn't make it any less like sitting in a room with a psychiatrist digging around his head. Lecter denied that he had the same professional curiosity as the rest of his kind - which Will was sure wasn't the truth from the way the man looked at him. Or at least, that's what he told himself, because what he truly wanted to believe he couldn't allow. He couldn't let himself believe

that those looks and the strange phrasings here and there hinted at something else. Something that made Will's balls tighten in anticipation of something that was never going to happen.

Tonight had been the worst of it. By halfway through their appointment he had wanted to drop to his knees in front of Hannibal and ask to be dominated. Beg. Was it something the man had said or done? Or was it just an accumulative effect of the meetings finally taking its toll? Will wasn't sure. For all he knew it could have been thanks to the seeing Hannibal without his jacket - his shirt cut beautifully across a solid form that Will wanted pressed against him.

Get a grip Will. Thinking Hannibal might be interested in him sexually was idiotic. Hoping that Hannibal would take a flogger to his back, his ass, his thighs… well that was beyond wishful thinking. And that wishful thinking was resulting in more and more frustration, despite Will jerking off in his car as soon as he left his appointments. And that just wasn't cutting it.

Sure he could go pick someone up, have sex with a random stranger, but that wasn't what he craved. He'd managed to ignore this side of himself for quite some time until he met Lecter. Something about the doctor - his commanding presence, his absolute control - brought out the sub in Will and no amount of jerking off or sex with strangers was going to scratch that itch.

So he found himself at the club, dressed in a thin white t-shirt that was almost see-through and a rough old pair of jeans that were at least a size too small for him now and squeezed him tight. Maybe he'd know a few patrons here still, might find himself a Dom who he'd played with before. That might make it easier - familiar - but still not Lecter.

He moved through to the lounge; the dungeon and playrooms were beyond. In here he could find a suitable Dom. Talk with them about the sort of scene they each wanted, their needs and their limits. Being with someone he already knew would at least help - an established trust of safety already in place, some knowledge of each other's kinks.

"Graham!" The name he went by here, said fondly by Master Jason one of the Club Monitors.

"Master Jason." Will acknowledged.

"It's been a while but we're glad to have you here. There will be very many pleased to see you back!"

Will didn't doubt it. His tolerance for pain had earned him a slight reputation. When it came to being whipped Will had been very much desired, but there were only a select few he had let fuck him. And he needed that tonight as much as he needed the pain.

"Master Simon is here." Jason helpfully pointed out a Dom Will had scened with before. Will nodded appreciatively - that was certainly one option, though he wasn't sure he'd want to be fucked by the man - they'd only played once before and Will needed to build up those connections before he was happy to go that far. Even so, before he left Wolf Trap he'd fingered himself, inserted a plug he particularly enjoyed. He wanted to be prepared for all

eventualities - allowing for an easy fuck if the evening went that way, but sure to add greatly to the pleasure of a cane across his ass if it didn't.

Will decided to head into the throng, see if there was anyone else that might be suitable, he could always circle around to Simon. He was pretty sure he might be persuaded into being fucked by someone new if they ticked enough boxes. Essentially, if they reminded him enough of Hannibal Lecter. The accent alone might do it if he kept his eyes closed. His cock started to thicken at just the thought and for a brief second he considered asking Jason if he knew of any Europeans in the club tonight.

Will mingled for what felt like an excruciating amount of time. This was never a quick process - there had to be an element of selection on both sides even if it was just a relationship that lasted one night. He could see Master Simon across the room and the temptation was there, if only for the ease of it. He could go to him, a few words and and soon he could be on a rack or over a rubber upholstered gym horse in the dungeon. The thought made him shudder - it was enough to make the decision and start making his way across the lounge.

As he walked he was given smiles, a hand here or there stroking over him in an offer of a night of play, which he demurred - walking with purpose. Until he stopped. A man had appeared beside Master Simon and Will wondered if he was now taken, and if so how long the tryst might last - perhaps there would be a chance later if Will was desperate enough to wait. Or just as desperate not to wait. Will was considering this when the man turned ever so slightly - enough to reveal the cane in his hands which appeared to actually be the subject of their conversation. Two Doms, swapping tips and suppliers details? Not all hope lost then, Will smiled - Master Simon was likely to be his best bet for the evening. Anyone, anything to help sate the need Will felt within him. The growing need to be topped and fucked by his unofficial psychiatrist.

Will was almost at Master Simon, who had now spotted his approach and turned to smile, when the other Dom turned to see who Simon smiled at.

Will froze. The room was dimly, moodily, lit, often hard to see details across a distance… The likeness was uncanny and yet... But it couldn't be, surely there was no way in hell that Simon was taking with Hannibal Lecter. There was no way Hannibal Lecter was at the club. Will was rooted to the spot and now receiving a questioning look from Simon and a wolfish grin from the other Dom.

"Mr Graham…" His name was purred. "How delightful." All and everyone else forgotten as the Dom who, yes was undoubtedly Lecter, moved towards him. Clothed in smart pants, a dress shirt unbuttoned at the top - no vest or tie - the man moved like liquid. Like a panther stalking towards Will as though he were prey. Whether he wanted it to or not, Will's cock strained against his scruffy jeans.

Mr Graham - this from a man who addressed him only as Will in the formal setting of his office. It sent a shiver through him.

Shit! Will had no idea how he was going to handle this. As much as he wanted to be topped by Hannibal Lecter, this was not something he expected or anticipated in reality. He couldn't

even begin to consider what a terrible idea it would be to really go through with everything he imagined - unprofessional, inappropriate, reckless. And a few moments later none of that mattered at all - because Hannibal Lecter stood in front of him and he said -

“Would you care to join me in a playroom?”

Will’s mouth went dry and he felt a prickle of ice cold sweat all over his body. The immediate response in his head was *Oh god, fuck, yes!*. It was Lecter’s responding smile - a dangerously delectable grin - that made Will realise he had actually responded aloud.

“I… I mean…”

“Please, don’t be embarrassed. I imagine you are surprised to see me here?”

Well, that was an understatement. Not that he had any trouble imagining the doctor as a Dom; that was, after all, pretty much the problem.

Will managed a breathy “yes…” and was so completely overwhelmed that he thought he might actually pass out. He must have looked it too because the doctor suddenly closed the space between them and steadied Will with hands on his arms.

“Are you ok Will?” This time gentle and quiet so that he wouldn’t be overheard.

Will managed to swallow and nod. Lecter linked their arms together and began towards the side of the room. Will, as out of it as he was, could feel eyes on them - appreciative glances at them together amongst looks of jealousy, for each of them. He leaned in close to Will as they walked and spoke softly -

“Do you need water Will? Are you okay?”

The words, caring as they were, and the sort of concern expected of any Dom, jarred Will. The reason he had stopped coming here was because he had been worried people would find out he wasn’t quite stable and would decline scenes with him. Of all the people on the planet, Lecter had the clearest idea of quite how unstable Will Graham was. He pushed off the man supporting him.

“I’m fine.” The words were hard, though quiet. The last thing Will wanted to do was draw attention by raising his voice to a Dom. He breathed in deep and let out a shaky, frustrated, sigh.

“Will…” An admonishing tone that belonged in Lecter’s office rather than in the club. “Let’s discuss this in private.” He looked about them and then started walking again, leading an unresistant Will into the dungeon and towards one of the small private playrooms.

They passed the public rooms - open for viewing, and racks of equipment, as well as several couples using them in the main dungeon itself. The whole place stank of leather, rubber and sweat, which only served to make Will harder. This was all so confusing. It would appear that he had somehow ended up in the orbit of everything he wanted and yet was so far from it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It looks like Will is going to get what he wants...

The Monitor keeping an eye on the playrooms gave a courteous nod to Lecter, who was evidently a regular these days, and directed them to an empty room.

Lecter closed the door. The room was set up with an undersized, leather covered gym horse in the middle; crops, floggers and canes on the wall as well as a variety of bindings. A table to one side with small snacks and bottles of water, a courtesy for subs coming down from subspace. Will tried not to take that all in, but his cock was already there. Now painfully trapped, something he particularly enjoyed - the reason he wore such tight jeans to the club.

“Will, shall we talk? I want to know what you’re thinking.” Again that tone of... what? Not concern. Caring? It was usual for a new Dom and sub to talk first, lay down their ground rules, but the tone in Lecter’s voice didn’t feel like just another tick list - which, right or wrong, was how Will often viewed them.

“I think this is a bad idea.” Will exhaled, his eyes averted since they got into the dungeon, he didn’t look up now. “You want honesty?”

“Please.” Lecter confirmed gently. “Whatever happens here requires honesty, club rules, and my own.”

Will sighed and nodded, his shoulders slumping as he leaned back against the horse. “Honestly, I think... “ Was he really going to say this? Yes, he had to didn’t he? “I think I’ve wanted you for a long time. So long that this seems surreal. I think that you bring something out in me I had been successfully holding in. I think that I would love you to dominate me… to flog me, cane me, fuck me.” He still couldn’t look up but the tremor from his voice had gone. “Honestly, I came here tonight for the first time in a couple of years because being around you has been too much for me to ignore. I wanted to find someone that, ok, maybe reminded me enough of you, that it would satisfy this need. In theory, you being the one to top me would be perfect…”

“In theory?” There was a tone there, almost a flirtation.

Will finally looked up at the wolfish, yet oddly gentle, grin on Lecter’s face. “In theory.”

“As in, you don’t think we should… explore this need of yours?”

“Doctor, you are my therapist. Officially or not….”

“If your concern is whether this is appropriate-”

Will cut the doctor off while he still had the nerve to. “I have very flexible ideas on what is or isn’t appropriate in my life. But, I stopped coming here for a reason. I was worried that the people here would find out how... how unstable I am…”

Lecter nodded then with realisation. “I see. Because any Dom worth anything would want their sub to be safe, mentally as well as physically. They wouldn’t want to risk mentally damaging you, knowing you are unstable.”

Will managed to choke back his anguish, but gave a nod. That was exactly it. That was why he had been denying himself. He may have been able to go to a different club, or other establishment - but who was to say the issue wouldn’t follow him there? Baltimore’s scene was only so big.

“I see. Well, Will in the spirit of honesty - I may know better than anyone your instability. I do not believe for one minute that my inflicting pain upon you would have any effect on your stability. In fact, it may be cathartic. Had I known your proclivities, I would have suggested this activity myself… regardless of the partner. You crave pain, you enjoy it, you need it. I can only imagine how freeing it must be for you.” Lecter looked at him for a moment, clearly considering whether he was actually going to say what he said next - “I suspected you had masochistic tendencies. But I am surprised to find you are a sub… the two are not mutually entangled, but I wonder if you submit so that you can encourage pain rather than a true desire to be dominated.”

Will looked at Lecter, trying not to let his jaw drop. “I… Perhaps I am not the easiest of subs, but yes… yes, this is it. It’s freeing. I *feel* so much all the time. The pain, the pleasure it brings the high… subspace… it, it blocks it out. It clears my head. It lets me sleep.” The tremor was back in Will’s voice as he realised what a disservice he had been doing himself by denying this. Perhaps it had even served to make him less stable. Thinking back, coping had always been easier with this outlet available to him, but how would he ever have made a Dom understand that if they believed he was cracked?

“*You* don’t think that I am too unstable…” Will said, haltingly.

“On the contrary, I believe you would benefit enormously from what this club could offer you. What I could offer you, if you wish it.” Lecter’s voice was low and smooth.

“Fuck…” Will’s heart was racing. Was this really going to happen then? He let out a low chuckle.

“Honesty again Will...” Lecter waited for him to look up and then moved closer - slinked. Pressed himself up against Will, trapping him against the leather of the horse - arousal apparent against his own. “I have been a member here for some time, but I have been coming at least once a week since our sessions began.” His hand moved to Will’s throat, placed there - only a whisper of pressure, which Will pressed into. “Because of you. I even suspected you might frequent such a place yourself… something in the way you carry yourself sometimes, how you… respond to me. But I never saw you here and so I did not hope…”

Lecter let out a breath. Shuddered. He shuddered and Will felt it run through him too. Even at the highest point he'd reached with any other Dom they hadn't shuddered, hadn't made *him* feel like this either. And so far nothing had really happened. Just being pressed to Lecter was beyond anything he ever imagined might happen.

"Fuck…" Will repeated, breathless as he instinctively canted his hips towards Lecter's.

"A request?"

"Yes." Will responded without even needing to think. "Please, Doctor, fuck me… cane me, then fuck me." He felt Lecter's cock twitch even through the denim and cotton between them.

And then Doctor Lecter's lips were on his, powerful and commanding yet not hard. He pressed their bodies further together as his tongue slipped into Will's mouth and Will moaned in response. They were both breathless when he pulled back.

"First… a safe word?"

"Stag" The word came easily from Will's dreams to his mouth. He breathed it against Lecter's lips which still hovered perilously close to his own.

"If we see each other beyond this night we will need a deeper conversation about what is acceptable to each of us. But for now, tell me, is there anything in this room you do not want?" Lecter's voice was deep with desire.

"No." Will breathed out, not needing a second glance around the room as Lecter stepped back.

"Tell me what you do want Will?" Lecter's almost clinical tone as he undid his cufflinks and then started on his shirt buttons.

"I want you to hurt me." Will replied in almost a whine at the thought of it. "Just… why won't you just…" He wanted Lecter to take the lead, to take control of him. To inflict whatever pain he felt suitable.

"I don't want to take from you Will. That's not the sort of Dom I am. I am not here to mete out punishment for my own singular pleasure. I want to give. I want to give you want you need." Desire shook his words and he seemed to then rush a little in removing his shirt - which ended up somewhere on the floor.

Will nodded his understanding. He was barely able to breath, clouded by lust. "The cane… I want, and then… fuck me… hard. I want to feel you." Desperation clouded him now. He was so close to what he craved, and this may only be a one time deal.

At this Lecter turned Will roughly, Will allowing it - his cock straining further. Hannibal pressed up behind him and whispered in his ear - "Do not turn. Strip Mr Graham. I want to see you." He stepped back and allowed room.

Will did as he was commanded. First stripping his light t-shirt and then toeing off his shoes, pulling down his jeans- he had not bothered with underwear. When the clothes and shoes

were pushed to one side with his foot he waited, trembling in anticipation. There was just enough room now between him and the gym horse for Lecter to walk around him, which he then did, appraising him. Lust burned in the doctor's eyes as he took in all of Will, lingering on Will's erect and leaking cock.

"Clasp your hands behind your back." Lecter ordered as he moved back around.

Will complied and waited until, a few moments later, he felt a leather strap twisting around his wrists and lower forearms, binding them expertly together. He let out a groan when Lecter jerked the binding tight. An appreciative noise escaped Lecter and his fingers trailed down Will's back, his crack and over the end of the plug he had now spotted, sending a jolt of pleasure through Will.

"I'm going to cane you now Mr Graham. I am going to punish you for all the times I have witnessed you being rude. Over the horse." The last commanded.

Will complied immediately, moving back to the horse, pressing himself over it so that his ass was exposed and he balanced forward. Another pause as Will could hear Lecter selecting a cane from the wall.

"Nine times Mr Graham." He practically purred and Will moaned in response.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will gets what he wants. And so does Hannibal!

The first strike was tentative, but not gentle - testing the limits. The following were increasingly hard, up until the fifth, all but the first rained upon his exposed thighs. Will taking all the punishment with encouraging moans. Four remaining and Will was already flying. The pain zinged through his body, frying his nerves. With every hit he felt the sharpness, the sting and burn and then the warm heat throbbing there before the next strike. Each one taking him up onto his toes and forcing his cock against the horse, which he desperately wanted to fuck up against for the friction. The sixth strike and he let out a loud cry of mixed pleasure and pain, of perfection. The seventh landed across his ass - a shock through the plug - and he lifted higher than before on his toes. Another noise escaped him, unique only to this situation. Lecter must have sensed the meaning of the noise because his voice seemed to boom as he commanded -

“You will not cum until I allow it. Until I say so. Is that clear Mr Graham.”

A whimper from Will as he mourned the loss of the stinging cane during the brief interlude. “Y...yes, Doctor Lecter.” Everything draining from him - concern, stress - all released with the control he was giving up. Lecter had been correct - Will wasn’t an easy sub; he allowed himself to be dominated in return for the pain - it made it easier. So he was a little surprised that relinquishing this control to Lecter was such a turn on.

Eight was across his ass again, biting into the previous hit with a delicious edge, zinging through the plug and pulling another sound from Will.

A long pause then. Was Lecter just deciding on the best place for the blow? Was he waiting for Will to beg?

Words were out of his mouth as soon as the thought was in his head. “Please Doctor Lecter, my ass. Please.” A whine in his voice that he couldn’t contain.

He felt two fingers lightly press to the welts on his thighs, shuddered as they ran across them and then up to the ones across his ass. “This Mr Graham? You want more?”

“Yes…” Will struggled the word out. “Please Doctor, please punish me. I shouldn’t have been rude.”

He was sure he heard Lecter’s breath hitch and a moment later his fingers were gone.

Nine was hard and sharp, the hardest blow yet laid across the already searing meat of his ass. Will cried out as he went up on his toes, a tremor through the plug, his cock against the gym-horse threatening to release, his balls drawing up.

No. Not yet! Not just because Lecter had ordered it, but because he knew his pleasure could only increase from here. He was skirting the edge of subspace and yet strangely grateful not to be soaring into it. He had come here for that bliss out but now found that he wanted to maintain around Lecter, at least right now. At least until they knew each other better. Until Will could be ok with Lecter caring for him through the come down - arguably more intimate than any caning or fucking. It would feel surreal to be so intimate with someone he had imagined having that intimacy with, but never believed he would. Right now, it would be overwhelming.

There was an absence then, the burn of his skin warming him through to his core. Anticipation coursing though him with the same intensity. Despite the hammering of his heart, the thrumming of blood in his ears, the silence of the room magnified every small noise. Lecter discarding the cane. The rip of a condom packet. The opening of a bottle of lube. All things he could not see from his position still prone over the horse, and yet they, each one, chilled him with pleasure.

Lecter was behind him again. Fingers once more on the welts, thighs then ass. And now it really did sting, now that his skin was no longer numb from the immediate pain. This was a fresh pain, different but just as welcome. The hiss of breath he let out on the first contact of Lecter's fingers turned steadily into a moan.

The fingers continued, tracing his spine as Lecter moved forward. A moment or two and Will could feel Lecter's cock against the crack of his ass, causing his breath to hitch. It wasn't until the hand travelled up into his hair and gripped a handful tight at the root that Will involuntarily bucked. This had the dual result of forcing the doctor's hard cock up against the plug in his ass, and the doctor gripping his hair tighter.

"Oh fuck…" Will groaned, almost completely overwhelmed by the stimulation. This was another reason he didn't often fuck - the pain and sex combined could be too much for him. He wondered if Lecter, who had an understanding of many things about him that he may not have explicitly said, knew what he was feeling because he pulled back then. His hand was still in Will's hair, but a little looser and he was no longer pressed up against him. Will let out a long breath of relief and sagged slightly.

And then there was a kiss, lightly on his shoulder, before lips moving up to his ear.

"I'm going to remove the plug now Mr Graham." The tone was firm and he didn't need to say it, Will knew he knew that - it was to prepare him, warn him. Care.

"Yes Doctor…" Will managed. He didn't need to reply but wanted to acknowledge the courtesy in some way. A gentle hand then between his cheeks, and in response he spread his legs further. Lecter took hold of the plug and eased it from him, leaving Will with a feeling of both loss and relief. Fingers moved into him, more lube to accompany what remained of the lube he'd used inserting the plug. His prostate avoided, which for now Will was grateful for.

The fingers were slow, just spreading lube as there was no need to work him open, but even so he was more considerate than necessary. Than anyone else might have been. But Will found that he was thankful - he couldn't imagine being this turned on and stimulated with anyone other than the object of his desires. The person that had driven him to this state.

A few minutes passed and Will began to regain composure, or at least as much as was had in situations such as this. It took him a moment to realise that Lecter seemed to be waiting for something, waiting for him. He pulled in a shaky breath and pushed back on the doctor's lithe fingers. The moan was not put on, but it was still encouragement.

Lecter withdrew his fingers and slapped his hand sharply across Will's rump. It was unexpected and the jolt of stinging pain made Will bark out a laugh of joy, pleasure, surprise.

"Mr Graham, you are more incorrigible than I realised. I don't think you learned your lesson from your punishment at all." Lecter purred the words as Will panted. "Shall I fuck you Mr Graham? Or do you not deserve that?"

"Please doctor…" Will could tell by his tone this was a game - Lecter had every intention of fucking him. Not to do so would go back on what he had said, about the type of Dom he was and on what they agreed, and Will fully believed those words.

Will's arms ached from the stretch of being held behind him, and the muscles practically screamed as Lecter's hand came down onto his hands, pressing them into the small of his back. That drew another involuntary moan and he half wished that they had found a room with a bed instead so that Lecter could have pinned him down to fuck him.

"If I remove the binds Mr Graham you will not touch yourself unless I permit it."

"Yes… yes, doctor…" His hands were held down firmly as Lecter started to undo the leather strap and let it fall away. His hands still held for a short while longer.

"Brace yourself over the horse, ass high." Lecter commanded. The words going straight to Will's balls and he did as he was told. He was glad the horse wasn't as high as an actual gym horse, and he was able to pull himself over it so that he was resting on his stomach, his cock pressed against the now warm leather, his hands finding purchase on the other side as he lifted his ass.

Lecter was tight behind him again then, hands running gently over his cheeks, inviting him to spread further. He could feel the soft cotton of the doctor's expensive trousers as he had only freed his cock not undressed completely. And then one hand to his hip and the other easing Lecter's cockhead inside him. The plug allowed the doctor to push into him with little resistance, though the tight muscles responded to the intrusion by gripping him firmly, at which they both moaned.

Will felt warmed by the noise, knowing that he was bringing pleasure to Lecter. The pleasure and pain ratio wasn't something he usually thought about. He liked pain, the right Doms liked to inflict it, the relationships were even for the most part. But the doctor was giving him so much more - the courtesy, the understanding - just the fact that he was fulfilling Will's desire

for him. Being reassured that this was just as enjoyable to Lecter was something that felt suddenly important in that moment.

“Fuck me… Please doct-” Will’s words were cut off as Lecter thrust into him. His hips snapping forward until he filled Will completely and pushed Will’s body against the horse. Another groan from them both. Lecter pulled back and thrust in again, languid movements at first, both hands moving to Will’s hips and holding him steady.

“Oh god… oh fuck…” Will couldn’t help the words falling from his mouth as Lecter fucked into him with increasing fervor, his cock now painfully trapped. “I’m going… I’m…” Will couldn’t manage words between panted breath.

“No Will, you are not going to cum until I say so.” The switch to his first name caught Will slightly off guard. It had not been spoken in this room where he kept things formal and separate. It would never have happened with anyone else - no one knew his name here - but if they did… From anyone else it would have caused him to safe-word. Not for any fear of danger but the discomfort it would have caused, coupled with over-stimulation, would have rocked him, his tenuous stability. It would have made his fears correct - that he was too unstable for this. But from Lecter - it caused his breath to hitch, his cock to strain and his balls to rise.

Orgasm denial wasn’t new to him, it was something common to subbing - a method of control that was pleasurable to both parties - control to the Dom, exquisite frustration to the Sub. But this was the hardest it had been for Will, despite a lot of practice. After all, he’d been pretty much ready to shoot his load the moment he saw Lecter in the club. It was only the sheer will of not wanting to disappoint the doctor and to prove *something* that kept him in control.

Lecter was fucking him hard and deep now, the angle catching that small bundle of nerves that sent jolts of pleasure for him, making it all the harder not to cum.

“You please me Will.” The words forced out in gasps. “Shall I… fuck you harder.”

All Will could do was groan and nod, at which Lecter moved his hands from Will’s hips, sliding them up and under - across Will’s chest - and draping himself over Will’s back, their bodies as close as they could possibly be. Short, sharp thrusts then where Lecter never fully pulled back from the depth he had achieved. Will was higher than he’d been in a long while - the euphoria from the pain, and now an orgasm drawing close - he was close to the edge. He wasn’t sure how much longer he could hold off cumming. But a few thrusts later had Lecter crying out as he came inside Will. Will’s cock twitched painfully in response, his muscles gripping Lecter, which he thrust through until his orgasm ebbed.

But still he had not allowed Will to cum and for a moment Will wondered if he’d misjudged the man. Perhaps his kink was cruelty and he was going to deny Will his orgasm altogether - even knowing how the stimulation with no release might be a little too much for Will. Lecter stilled, panting hot puffs of air at the back of his neck - taking a moment to regain himself whilst Will moaned in frustration. That seemed to snap Lecter back and before Will could think further, the doctor had pulled out of him - the loss almost unbearable. In one smooth and unexpected motion, the doctor pulled Will’s hips around so that his welted ass was

painfully against the horse, as he sank to his knees. Words falling from his mouth as he knelt -

“Now you will come for me, Will.”

“What the fuck!” Was all Will could manage before Lecter took his cock into his mouth. But then the expletives did not stop. “Fuck, oh fuck.” He muttered and groaned over and over, squirming up against the horse as Lecter took him deep into his throat. Then the hands on his hips pulled him sharply, encouraging him until he was fucking into Lecter’s mouth. It felt like an eternity but in reality Will knew it could only have been a few thrusts before he came with a cry and his legs buckled. He tried to fall back against the horse for support but was only able to manage that for as long as it took Lecter to swallow him down, only drawing back from Will after he had finished completely.

And then Will dropped heavily, painfully to his knees. Lecter half caught him and righted him so that they knelt facing each other.

“I’ve got you Will.” The words resounded in Will. Again that level of care in his tone that went beyond that of any Dom he’d scened with before. Of course, they had been as concerned as they should be for any sub, taken care of him when he was coming down from the euphoria. But with Lecter it felt so different. Perhaps they had grown closer than he thought over their sessions. Did he even count the doctor as a friend? Maybe so.

Kneeling face to face with Lecter as they both panted and sweated, the doctor smiled as he licked his lips. Will let out a bark of laughter in response. His whole body was shaking already from the come down, the laughter only adding to it as he reached out an arm, finding Lecter’s shoulder to steady him against.

“I’ve…” more breath needed, more panting. “I’ve never had a Dom give me head before…”

The smile was one of self-satisfaction that seemed *so* Hannibal Lecter. “I am not like most Doms. I told you that Will. If it is a problem for you then you need to tell me now. I will give you pain, I will make you submit, and I will take my pleasure too. And it pleases me to have your cock in my mouth as much as it pleases you.” This last said with a smile as Lecter removed his condom and tucked himself back into his pants.

“I… don’t know what to say that.” Will answered honestly. “Any of it.” He hadn’t reached the high he might have, but he was lightheaded and fuzzy. “I can hardly complain about getting the best blowjob I’ve ever had.” He marveled at how deep Lecter had been able to take him, and despite all his practice, doubted he was even as good as that. And then there was the rest - an assumption that this might happen again. Something Will could not deny he wanted, though the practicalities of it might need consideration and they both knew that needed to happen once he was completely back in his own head, not half way to subspace.

They were still kneeling facing each other, Will supporting himself on Lecter as they both caught their breath. For now he just needed a confirmation -

“You would like to… take this further?” Will panted.

“We both came here tonight looking for satisfaction from facsimiles before we knew that we could have each other. I would be loathe to deny myself now I have had a little of you. I would like to take you to my playroom, in my home. I would like to strap you down and flog you and fuck you and I think you would like that too.”

It brooked no argument, and Will found he had none anyway. A hand came up and cupped Will’s jaw, angling his face towards Lecter’s. He moved towards Will until their lips were brushing.

“I want to strap you to a rack, give you the pain you crave and fuck you as hard as you wish, rough if you prefer. And then I will tend to your wounds, bathe you if you’d let me, take you to my bed and, when you’re rested, I would like to make love with you.”

It wasn’t what Will had imagined. Was it something he even wanted? Whatever it was he was being offered - something permanent? A relationship,of sorts. Lovers rather than just sub and Dom. Lecter Must have sensed his hesitation for he quickly added -

“You should not decide immediately, of course…”

Will leaned in then, capturing the lips that hovered so close to his own. Perhaps if anyone knew best what Will needed it was Doctor Lecter.

“My head needs to clear, I need to come down from this first.” Will shuddered the words out and he began to look over at the bottled water, how good that would be. Lecter nodded his understanding to which Will smiled as Lecter moved to the table and grabbed water for Will. He wasn’t in the right mind to discuss it then, but there was that deep pull inside him that told him he wanted to have Lecter flog, whip and fuck him all the way into subspace - and yes, maybe even make love too.

“How about we discuss it over breakfast, Hannibal?”

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